

Shew is your owne, else you must pardon me:

If you should die before him, where's her dower?

*Tra.* That's but a cauill: he is olde, I young.

*Gre.* And may not yong men die as well as old?

*Bap.* Well gentlemen, I am thus resolu'd,

On sonday next, you know

My daughter *Katherine* is to be married:

Now on the sonday following, shall *Bianca*

Be Bride to you, if you make this assurance:

If not, to Signior *Gremio*:

And so I take my leaue, and thanke you both. *Exit.*

*Gre.* Adieu good neighbour: now I feare thee not:

Sirra, yong gamester, your father were a foole

To giue thee all, and in his wayning age

Set foot vnder thy table: tut, a toy,

An olde Italian foxe is not so kinde my boy. *Exit.*

*Tra.* A vengeance on your crafty withered hide,

Yet I haue fac'd it with a card of ten:

'Tis in my head to doe my master good:

I see no reason but suppos'd *Lucentio*

Must get a father, call'd suppos'd *Vincentio*,

And that's a wonder: fathers commonly

Doe get their children: but in this case of woeing,

A childe shall get a fire, if I faile not of my cunning. *Exit.*

### Actus Tertia.

*Enter Lucentio, Hortensio, and Bianca.*

*Luc.* Fidler forbear, you grow too forward Sir,

Haue you so soone forgot the entertainment

Her sister *Katherine* welcom'd you withall.

*Hort.* But wrangling pedant, this is

The patronesse of heauenly harmony:

Then giue me leaue to haue prerogative,

And when in Musicke we haue spent an houre,

Your Lecture shall haue leisure for as much.

*Luc.* Preposterous Ass! that neuer read so farre,

To know the cause why musicke was ordain'd:

Was it not to refresh the minde of man

After his studies, or his vsuall paine?

Then giue me leaue to read Philosophy,

And while I pause, serue in your harmony.

*Hort.* Sirra, I will not beare these braues of thine.

*Bianc.* Why gentlemen, you doe me double wrong,

To striue for that which resteth in my choice:

I am no breeching scholler in the schooles,

Ile not be tied to howres, nor pointed times,

But learne my Lessons as I please my selfe,

And to cut off all strife: heere sit we downe,

Take you your instrument, play you the whiles,

His Lecture will be done ere you haue run'd.

*Hort.* You'll leaue his Lecture when I am in tune?

*Luc.* That will be neuer, tune your instrument.

*Bianc.* Where left we last?

*Luc.* Heere Madam: *Hic ibat Simois, hic est Sigeria*

*tellus, hic steterat Priami regia celsa senis.*

*Bianc.* Conster them.

*Luc.* *Hic ibat*, as I told you before, *Simois*, I am *Lu-*

*centio*, *hic est*, sonne vnto *Vincentio* of Pisa, *Sigeria* *tel-*

*lus*, disguised thus to get your loue, *hic steterat*, and that

*Lucentio* that comes a wooing, *priami*, is my man *Tra-*

*nio*, *regia*, bearing my port, *celsa senis* that we might be-

guile the old Pantalowne:

*Hort.* Madam, my Instrument's in tune.

*Bianc.* Let's heare, oh fie, the treble iarrs.

*Luc.* Spit in the hole man, and tune againe.

*Bianc.* Now let mee see if I can conster it. *Hic ibat*

*mois*, I know you not, *hic est Sigeria tellus*, I trust you not,

*hic steterat priami*, take heede he heare vs not, *regia* pre-

sume not, *Celsa senis*, despaire not.

*Hort.* Madam, tis now in tune.

*Luc.* All but the base.

*Hort.* The base is right, 'tis the base knaue that iars.

*Luc.* How fiery and forward our Pedant is,

Now for my life the knaue doth court my loue,

*Pedascule*, Ile watch you better yet:

In time I may beleue, yet I mistrust.

*Bianc.* Mistrust it not, for sure *Encides*

Was *Ajax* cald so from his grandfather.

*Hort.* I must beleue my master, else I promise you,

I should be arguing still vpon that doubt,

But let it rest, now *Littio* to you:

Good master take it not vnkindly pray

That I haue bene thus pleasant with you both.

*Hort.* You may go walk, and giue me leaue a while,

My Lessons make no musicke in three parts.

*Luc.* Are you so formall sir, well I must waite

And watch withall, for but I be deceiu'd,

Our fine Musitian groweth amorous.

*Hort.* Madam, before you touch the instrument,

To learne the order of my fingering,

I must begin with rudiments of Art,

To teach you gamoth in a briefer fort,

More pleasant, pithy, and effectual,

Then hath bene taught by any of my trade,

And there it is in writing fairely drawne.

*Bianc.* Why, I am past my gamouth long agoe.

*Hort.* Yet read the gamouth of *Hortensio*.

*Bianc.* Gamouth I am, the ground of all accord:

*Ave*, to plead *Hortensio*'s passion:

*Beeme*, *Bianca* take him for thy Lord

*Cfauit*, that loues with all affection:

*D'sole*, one Cliffe, two notes haue I,

*Elami*, show pittie or I die.

Call you this gamouth? tut I like it not,

Old fashions please me best, I am not so nice

To charge true rules for old inuentions.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*Nicke.* Mistrisse, your father prayes you leaue your

And helpe to dresse your sisters chamber vp, (books,

You know to morrow is the wedding day.

*Bianc.* Farewell sweet masters both, I must be gone.

*Luc.* Faith Mistrisse then I haue no cause to stay.

*Hort.* But I haue cause to pry into this pedant,

Methinkes he lookes as though he were in loue:

Yet if thy thoughts *Bianca* be so humble

To cast thy wandring eyes on euery stale:

Seize thee that List, if once I finde thee ranging,

*Hortensio* will be quit with thee by changing. *Exit.*

*Enter Baptista, Gremio, Tranio, Katherine, Bianca, and*

*others, attendants.*

*Bap.* Signior *Lucentio*, this is the pointed day

That *Katherine* and *Petruchio* should be married,

And yet we heare not of our sonne in Law:

What will be said, what mockery will it be?

To want the Bride-groome when the Priest attends

To speake the ceremoniall rites of marriage?

What saies *Lucentio* to this shame of ours?

### The Taming of the Shrew.

*Kate.* No shame but mine, I must forsooth be forst

To giue my hand oppos'd against my heart

Vnto a mad-braine rudesby, full of spleene,

Who woo'd in haste, and meanes to wed at leysure:

I told you I, he was a franticke toole,

Hiding his bitter teets in blimt behaiour;

And to be noted for a merry man;

Hee'll wooe a thousand, point the day of marriage,

Make friends, inuite, and proclaime the banes;

Yet neuer meanes to wed where he hath woo'd:

Now must the world point at poore *Katherine*,

And say, loe, there is mad *Petruchio*'s wife

It would please him come and marry her.

*Tra.* Patience good *Katherine* and *Baptista* too,

Vpon my life *Petruchio* meanes but well,

What euer fortune stayes him from his word,

Though he be blimt, I know him passing wile,

Though he be merry, yet withall he's honest.

*Kate.* Would *Katherine* had neuer seen him though.

*Exit weeping.*

*Bap.* Goe girl, I cannot blame thee now to weepe,

For such an iniurie would vex a very saint,

Much more a shrew of impatient humour.

*Enter Biondello.*

*Bion.* Master, master, newes, and such newes as you

neuer heard of,

*Bap.* Is it new and olde too? how may that be?

*Bion.* Why, is it not newes to heard of *Petruchio*'s

*Bap.* Is he come? (comming?)

*Bion.* Why no sir.

*Bap.* What then?

*Bion.* He is comming.

*Bap.* When will he be heere?

*Bion.* When he stands where I am, and sees you there.

*Tra.* But say, what to thine olde newes?

*Bion.* Why *Petruchio* is comming, in a new hat and

an old ierkin, a paire of olde breeches thrice turn'd;

a paire of bootes that haue bene candle-cases, one buck-

led, another lac'd: an olde rusty sword tane out of the

Towne Armory, with a broken hilt, and chapeleffer with

two broken points: his horse hip'd with an olde mo-

thy saddle, and stirrups of no kindred: besides posselt

with the glanders, and like to mose in the chine, trou-

bled with the Lampasse, infected with the fashions, full

of Windegalls, sped with Spauins, raised with the Yel-

lowes, past cure of the Fiues, starke spoyld with the

Staggers, begnawne with the Bots, Waid in the backe,

and shoulder-shotten, neere leg'd before, and with a

halfe-checkt Birte, & a headstall of sheepes leather, which

being restrain'd to keepe him from stumbling, hath been

often burst, and now repaired with knots: one girth fixe

times peece'd, and a womans Crupper of velure, which

hath two letters for her name, fairely set down in studs,

and heere and there peece'd with packthread.

*Bap.* Who comes with him?

*Bion.* Oh sir, his Lackey, for all the world Capari-

son'd like the horse; with a linnen stock on one leg, and

a kersy boot-hose on the other, gartred with a red and

blew list, an old hat, & the humor of forty fancies prickt

in't for a feather: a monster, a very monster in apparell,

& not like a Christian foot-boy, or a gentlemen's Lackey.

*Tra.* 'Tis some od humor pricks him to this fashion,

Yet oftentimes he goes but meane apparel'd.

*Bap.* I am glad he's come, howsoeuer he comes.

*Bion.* Why sir, he comes not, till to morrow.

*Bap.* Didst thou not say hee comes? on morrow shift

*Bion.* Who, that

*Bap.* I, that *Petruchio*

*Bion.* No sir, I fa

*Bap.* Why that's a

*Bion.* Nay by S. la

a man is more then o

*Enter P*

*Petr.* Come, where

*Bap.* You are welc

*Petr.* And yet I co

*Bap.* And yet you

*Tra.* Not so well a

*Petr.* Were it bett

But where is *Kate*? w

How does my father?

And wherefore gaze t

As if they saw some w

Some Commet, or vnt

*Bap.* Why sir, you

First were we sad, fear

Now sadder that you

Fie, doff this habit, tha

An eye-fore to our sol

*Tra.* And tell vs wh

Hath all so long detain

And sent you hither fo

*Petr.* Tedious it we

Sufficeth I am come to

Though in some part i

Which at more leysure

As you shall well be sa

But where is *Kate*? I sta

The morning weares,

*Tra.* See not your B

Goe to my chamber, pu

*Petr.* Not I, beleuee

*Bap.* But thus I trust

*Petr.* Good sooth eu

To me she's married, no

Could I repaire what s

As I can change these p

'Twere well for *Kate*, a

But what a foole am I

When I should bid good

And teale the title with

*Tra.* He hath some

We will perswade him

To put on better ere he

*Bap.* He after him, a

*Tra.* But sir, Loue c

Her fathers liking, whic